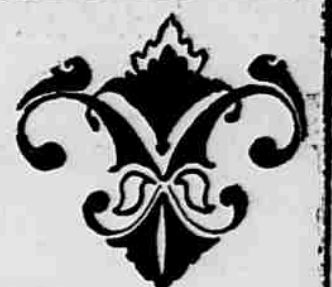




# Club Women's Children

"DON'T WASTE YOUR SYMPATHY ON THEM," SAYS BEATRICE SHERIDAN



THE YOUNGSTERS ARE WELL CARED FOR, AND MANY OF THEM HAVE CLUBS OF THEIR OWN, LIKE THEIR MAMMAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Our club was in full session. A pretty little woman was holding forth on the "Silver Question" and was advancing some rather arguments against it. I am such a sceptic and such a "skeeter" in the club problem that I was mean enough to say to myself:

"His husband wrote that paper for her."

I whispered my suspicions to the woman sitting next to me.

"Not you are mistaken," she replied. "She writes all her papers herself. She is a clever woman and reads a great deal. If you wish to satisfy yourself go up and question her. You will find you cannot 'skeeter' her."

I declined the honor. I knew well that she could "skeeter" me in a moment. Apart from knowing that there was a silver issue, I knew little or nothing of the details or vital points. Therefore I decided discretion was the better part of valor. I made up my mind to be no longer a doubting Thomas as far as the authorship of the paper was concerned.

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"She has children," replied my neighbor. "She has five."

"Five?" I cried in amazement. "God help them! I feel sorry for the children of a woman who knows as much as she does on the silver question."

"You are very much mistaken," indignantly exclaimed the champion. "She has five of the loveliest, best behaved, best cared for children in the city. She is a most devoted mother. Have you ever visited her?"

"No," I meekly acknowledged. "She has invited me, but I have never had time to."

When is the best time to find her? I mean, when would I be most likely to see her with the children, and satisfy myself? I cannot reconcile myself to the fact of a woman being so well versed in politics and at the same time being so perfect a mother."

"You will always find her at home Friday afternoons and Saturdays. Go there some Friday and then come and tell me if I am not right."

My curiosity was so great that I called the very next Friday and found Mrs. Free Silver at home. I was asked upstairs to the second-story front room, which was library and sitting room combined. There was a large "creeping rug" on the floor in front of a wood fire. On this lay a baby about 6 months old, kicking up its heels and having a good time in general, crowing at the cheerful tickling hands.

Mrs. Free Silver apologized for asking me upstairs, but explained that Friday was her day home with the children; that it was the nurse's day out, and she had the care of the baby. Just then there was a terrible racket over our heads. I thought the ceiling was coming down, but as she never seemed to mind it I concluded it was all right.

She laid down upon my entrance, and we started in to chat. I complimented her upon her paper, and asked her how she found time to study up so deep a question.

"I read a great deal," she replied. "But when do you find time to read with all your children to care for?"

"I never read during the day. I have made it a practice to read for two hours every night. Sometimes it is from 8 till 10, often from 9 till 11, and very frequently from 10 till 12. The children are all in bed by 8. The house is quiet. If my husband is out, at his club or elsewhere, I spend the time reading. If not I leave it until later. You can accomplish a great deal in any kind of work if you only systematize it, and that is what I do."

Just then there was a rush of feet down the stairs, and four children came tearing in. When they saw me they stopped short and the three boys bowed, while the little girl dropped me a cute old-fashioned courtesy.

"This is Mrs. —," said the mother, "and these are my other children."

The boys as she named them came up and shook hands with me, and the little girl, a tot about 3, offered me her mouth for a kiss.

They were all healthy, handsome children, the boys in jeans overalls, the girl in a white pinafore, which was not spotted white, but which was decidedly not a "daisy white." They looked as though they all knew what a daisy was, and they were children who were well cared for.

They had come down to have a dispute settled, and when they had stated the case, all speaking at once, as children will, and it had been settled in a quiet, decided manner by the mother, they bobbed little bows and courtesies and trooped away upstairs, but not before they had gone over to the creeping rug and turned Miss Baby over, much to her disgust.

It took some little time to soothe her ruffled feelings, but when it was finally accomplished, and she had consented to being returned to her position near the fire, we resumed our conversation.

Mrs. Free Silver did not say much about her method of bringing up children, nor did I ask many questions. Actions speak louder than words, and I concluded that

she knew her business pretty thoroughly, from what I had seen.

My visit to her had started me once more investigating. I had always heard and always believed that clubwomen's children were neglected and ill-behaved, and I had found one case where directly the opposite prevailed.

I had become so interested in this phase of the club question that I was fast allowing my interest in it to absorb me entirely to the detriment of everything else. I put on my thinking cap and went over all the clubwomen I knew, trying to think which ones had any children. I finally remembered a woman who was very prominent in club work, and hastened to call on her.

I found her at home and busy, as she explained to me, superintending a luncheon she was preparing to follow a club meeting then in session.

"I am taking you away from your meeting," I said. "Do not let me disturb you, I can call again."

"Indeed, you are not," she replied, "and if you care to remain I should be delighted to give you a peep at this meeting and to enlist your help as attendant at the luncheon afterwards."

Of course, I consented. She took me upstairs into the back room, and then, guiding me through a closet, she bade me peep through the portieres. I peeped, fully prepared to see a body of clubwomen in session. What I saw was this:

There were about twenty-five children in the room, boys and girls. The oldest could not have been more than 14; the youngest about 8. They were in session. The gravest, most important body of little men and women I had ever seen. The president, a boy of 12 or 13, was in the chair. The vice

president was a girl of 14, the treasurer was a boy, the secretary a girl, and the recording secretary, my hostess' little daughter, a child of 10.

She had the floor just then, and was reading some letters and explaining some correspondence on the subject of an entertainment which they were about to give for a Children's Home, in which the club was very much interested.

Talk about discipline and parliamentary law! No woman's club ever conducted matters more according to rule than did these miniature men and women. My hostess told me they were all children of clubwomen, and that the mothers were as much interested in the club as they were.

They met at the different houses and each hostess provided a luncheon for them after the meeting. Their days were Friday afternoons. She told me the children were better parliamentarians than many of the clubwomen.

After the meeting adjourned there were a few moments of gossip and chatter, for all the world like the pause of a woman's club after the papers and before the refectory. Then the youngsters trooped down to the dining-room.

The luncheon was simple. Some tongue and lettuce sandwiches, ice cream, plenty of cake and hot chocolate. They were typical boys and girls, as they fell in and did justice to the goodies. Every few moments two or three in a group would renew a vexed question about the proposed entertainment, but as a rule they were thorough children.

They all looked well cared for, and well brought up. I left there rather discouraged. The contrariness of human nature was so strong in me that I was rather disappointed at not finding these club women's chil-

dren unkempt, neglected, badly brought up and rude.

Having in mind a club woman of whom I had heard some gossip, I determined to call on her without any warning one afternoon.

I was told by the elevator boy that he did not think she was at home, but I decided to go up anyway.

When we reached the apartment I rang the electric bell without getting any response. Finally, after my second ring, and despairing of gaining admission, I was about to re-enter the elevator when the door was opened a little way, and a small child peeped out.

"Is Mrs. Jones at home?" I asked.

The door was opened a little wider, and taking this as a silent invitation to enter, I did so, and turned toward the parlor.

"No, my mamma ain't home," said the mite. "She's gone to her clubs."

"Is there no one home?" I queried.

"For Maria's home. Maria! Maria!" called the mite, "there's some one here to see mamma."

I was investigating, so I scrutinized the youngster. She might have been a pretty child had she been clean, but she had been eating jam. Her face was streaked with it, her curls were stuck with it and her fingers were smeared with the sticky substance. I was afraid she would put her hands on my gown, and I would not have touched the door knob for worlds.

Presently, from somewhere in the back regions, a slatternly girl appeared. She grabbed the youngster by the arm and shoved her into a dark room.

"You are too dirty, Cleo, to let the lady see you. Do you want to see Mrs. Jones?" I said I did.

"Well, she ain't home."

"When could I see her?"

"I don't know. She has so many meetings that it is hard to find her. If you wrote her a letter telling her when you would call she might stay in. She's never home."

"No, my mamma's never home. She is a big clubwoman, and she ain't got time for anything but clubs."

"Well, I had found my typical clubwoman's child at last, and I must confess to there was a feeling of satisfaction in having discovered that my ideal clubwoman's child did exist."

This poor, neglected, jam-smeared youngster stirred my heart with pity. I felt that I wanted to take her into the bathroom and tub her. I wanted to make her as clean and well cared for as those model children I had already seen.

And then I wondered whether she would thank me for my solicitude on her behalf, and whether she was not just as happy in her jammy condition—yes, even happier than Mrs. Free Silver's immaculate five and the little club members at whose luncheon I had assisted.

I have studied the question of club women's children very closely since I first started out to satisfy myself as to their actual condition, and I have found that in nine cases out of ten they are well cared for, well behaved and beautifully trained.

I have been told that the club training which their mothers receive has helped them in the upbringing of their children. Whether the children really have parliamentary law applied to them, and if they are any the happier for it, is what I have not yet decided to my satisfaction.

I have found husbands happy, contented and commanding respect, as a rule; children cared for, respectful and loving, and I am disposed to predict that all the old myths about clubwomen are rapidly being dispelled.

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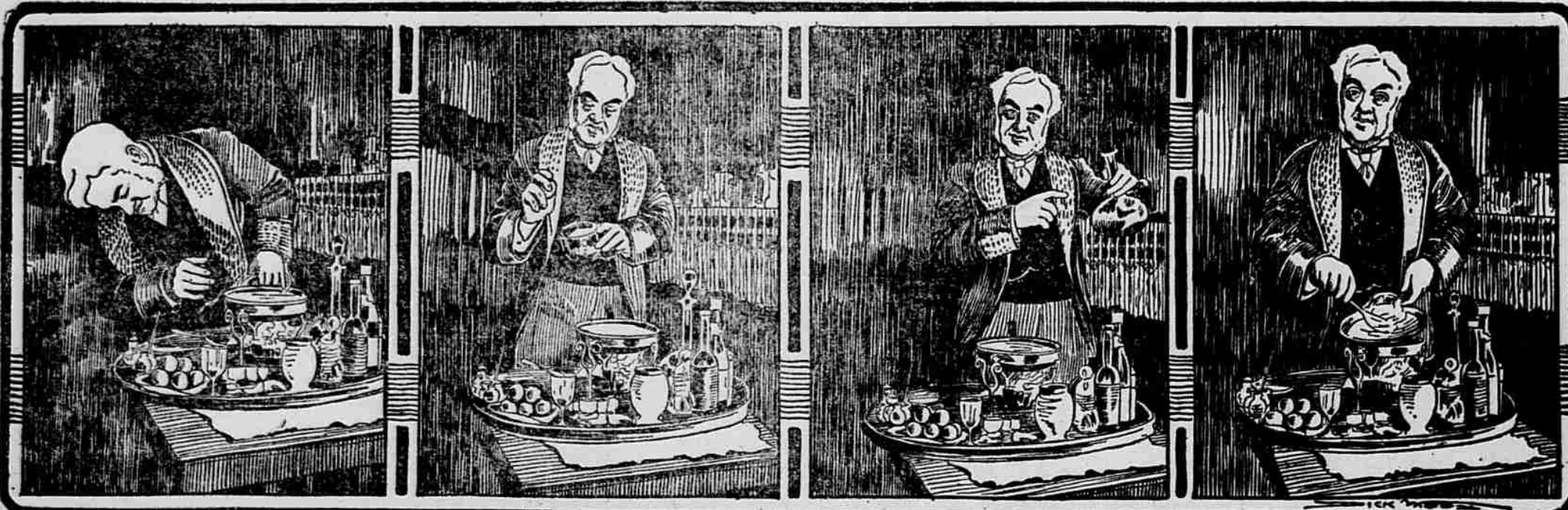
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"When could I see her?"



## A Jolly Philosopher as a Chafing-Dish Chef.

"How Not to Go Hungry on the Cook's Day Out."—By Mr. Frank C. Harriott.



Arranging the Flame. Have Everything Arranged. Be Careful of the Sherry. Keep Constantly Stirring.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Being barred by a constitutional tendency toward childlikeness from seeking the north pole in the interest of science, I am none the less determined to serve my brother man, and I firmly believe that if I can mitigate the horrors of the family supper table on "the cook's Sunday out" I shall be the benefactor of the married man of moderate means but immoderate family, as well as of the nervous wife, who gets a headache Saturday night in anticipation of the struggle with the range on Sunday night.

To all who suffer before, during and after that "Sunday out" I say: "Look to the chafing dish—the cheerful, the comforting chafing dish—and take courage, for so long as the alcohol holds out to burn there's hope of a good supper."

Please understand that in this instance

I am not addressing the clubman, who wishes to give an after-the-play supper of terrapin, a salmon of grouse, a fancy omelet, or some elaborate dish requiring twelve or fourteen ingredients.

I am holding out a hand to the poor fellow who hates a cold supper on a cold night by advising him to secure a chafing dish and to begin with a very simple preparation of eggs and sausage or fried beef or oysters or cheese.

By a little forethought on the chef's part everything needed could be placed ready on a tray by Bridget before her departure; and if the things be piled neatly upon the tray after supper, covered with a napkin and left for that person's washing she will probably break no more of them on Sunday than she would have done on Sunday, and the chef may enjoy the day

labors in peace.

And now to business: But just one word first; it isn't half a bad plan to put any very bright saying or extra funny story you may hear during the week aside in your memory and save it for the Sunday night chafing dish supper. It will act as a starter, a sort of bulb of excitement, from which may spring any amount of fun, which seems to be the natural accompaniment of chafing-dish cooking.

How about that lamp, which, of course, is the soul of the dish? Try to get one capable of a good, generous blaze, and then it will be well for you to experiment a little with it under the hot water dish, till you know exactly how to manage the flame.

That hot water dish you will of course remove while cooking; it is only meant to

prevent burning or to keep some dish warm. Now, suppose for a starter you try the homely but agreeable and satisfying "scrambled eggs with sausage," and as a beginner it would save you some slight trouble to have the sausages fried beforehand by the cook. You can then break them up cold and heat them over in the dish you will need.

This egg dish can be varied in ever so many ways, using oysters, cheese, sardines, etc.; indeed, almost any old thing goes well with a "scramble," if it is well seasoned.

Of course no one can face the world as a real chafing dish fiend unless he can make a "Welsh rarebit."

There are "rarebits" of many kinds, but man is born to trouble, so I decline to add to the horrors of his lot by loading him up with nightmare producers, but will instead

scatter flowers of joy in his path by introducing him to the delightful and rosy "lobster à la Newburg."

And, by the way, go easy on that sherry. It's not to be a drink, you know, the preparation; it's a dish, and it is better to have less than two tablespoonsful of wine rather than more.

The sherry should not be just a thing of its warmth, a hint of its fragrance—that's all. So go easy—easy on the sherry. Oysters your wife will tell you how to stew plain or with milk, but perhaps for a change you may like "pigs in blankets"—though if you haven't toothpicks on hand I would not fasten the pork strip blankets with pins, if I were you. Pigs rather wait and buy some wooden picks.

And I don't believe any one will rise and leave the table if you offer him a carefully

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH SAUSAGE.

Salt.  
Six eggs.  
Two sausages.  
One tablespoonful of butter.  
Four tablespoonfuls of milk or cream.  
Cut the sausage into small pieces.  
and warm them over—pouring off all the fat; add the butter, the eggs well beaten and the milk. Stir constantly and cook until thick and smooth; season to taste and serve.

FIGS IN BLANKETS.

Oysters.  
Salt.  
Pepper.  
Sliced fat bacon.  
Clean and season large oysters with salt and pepper. Wrap each oyster in a slice of this bacon, pinning it with a wooden toothpick. Cook them thoroughly.

CREAMED SHRIMPS.

Yolks of two eggs.  
One teaspoonful anchovy sauce.  
Half cupful of cream.  
Bottle of shrimps.  
Toast.  
Mix in the chafing dish the yolks of the eggs with the anchovy sauce and cream—put in some of the bottled shrimps, let them get hot, not allowed; the eggs to curdle. Serve on strips of toast.

prepared dish of creamed shrimps, but remember you need the water dish this time. Fill it with hot water and place it over the lamp; then proceed to mix in the chafing dish the yolks of the eggs, sauce, etc.

Before we wash up and put our paraphernalia away, let me beg of you to follow exactly to the letter the given recipes.

Don't get chummy and take liberties with them, for they will surely resent them.

If the recipe says one tablespoonful of flour it means that one tablespoonful will make a smooth, creamy thickness, but if you chuck in two spoonfuls that will mean a thick, lumpy dough, a nauseous looking production.

So with butter. Because you hate meanness, don't use twice the amount of butter named, and so have a dish floating in grease.

Remember, too, that if in the future you are adding raw egg to a cooking mixture, it must never boil after the addition of the

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WELSH RAREBIT.

One pound of soft American cheese.  
One tablespoonful of butter.  
One-half teaspoonful of dry mustard.  
One-quarter teaspoonful of cayenne.  
One tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce.  
One gill of beer.  
Put the seasoning, butter and sauce in the chafing dish. When the butter is